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pages. When men commit their cause to battle they have taken it out of the realm of justice into that of physical might, and they have no right to expect that anything but might will determine the issue. Even in those cases where inferior might is manipulated by intelligence so as to make it superior, it is might still, working under its own laws, and the intelligence which manipulates it is not to be credited as justice.

The Boers have been greatly admired because they dared to defy the immense power of Great Britain and because of the "heroic" and plucky fight which they made, but this admiration did nothing to secure for them the victory. Their cause, just though it was, was lost when they appealed to arms. They would have acted much more wisely in their own behalf if they had not gone to war, if they had not built up such a provoking armament, but had used entirely pacific means in their attempt to secure recognition of the justice of their cause. They might have saved their country; they certainly would not have fared so miserably as they have, and the moral heroism which they would thus have shown would have been much more noble than the physical courage of which they have displayed so much.

The Kitchener Type of Hero.

Lord Kitchener's arrival from South Africa and reception in England makes it clear once more that the fighting hero is still at the top of the list for many people. This man of camps and battles, of blood and devastation, comes back from the field of death and woe, and is received in what professes to be the centre of Christian civilization with much the same wild excitement and untempered glorification that we read of in the case of the savage braves of the bludgeon and the battle ax centuries ago. The officials of the nation, vying with the crowds on the sidewalks, go out to meet him with dazzling escorts, and he is presently decorated with one of the highest orders of nobility which the King has to bestow.

And what has Kitchener done that the trumpets of his honor are sounded at every British street-corner? South Africa and the Upper Nile, where men were mowed down like grass, give the answer. He has extended the bounds of the British Empire — over unwilling peoples, trampling them down and destroying them by the thousand. He has brought to a successful issue the British scheme of the conquest and annexation of the gold and diamond producing regions of South Africa. In carrying out these enterprises for his country, he has probably been the agent of more horrible deaths, more devastation of territory, more ruined homes, more deep-seated hatred than any other man living with possibly one or two exceptions. Killing, devastation, conquest — or rather the manipulation of the machinery of all this, which comes to the same thing — have

been his business. He knows almost nothing else. He has been one of the controlling pieces in the British war machine, by which all open opposition to British will in these countries has for the present been crushed out.

We do not pretend that Lord Kitchener as the executor of these bloody enterprises is more inhuman and blood-guilty than the officials at home who have conceived and ordered them, or than the body of the nation who have supported and shouted for them; but he is certainly not much less guilty; he has not played his part unwillingly. He has given himself voluntarily and studiously to this executioner's work. Whenever ordered by the government, he has gone to the ghastly task with apparently as much relish as a man of affairs goes to his business or as a Christian goes to public worship on Sunday morning. He is, therefore, the finished expression of this side of the nation's life, which glorifies its own remaining hard selfishness, brutality and inhumanity when it shouts itself hoarse on the streets in his praise, and makes him a peer of nearly the highest rank.

One would have thought that the time for such an exhibition on the part of a Christian nation had gone by. If an instrument of this kind of bloody work were still thought necessary, one might have supposed that the nation would at least keep him in the background, in sorrow that such cruel things had to be done, as the hangman and headsman of former times were kept as much as possible out of the public view.

It is natural to try to keep all of the repulsive side of a fighting hero's career out of sight, and to talk of the promotion of civilization, the advancement of the national domain, the upholding of the country's honor, etc., but the ghosts of the fields of slaughter and devastation will no longer down in our day. No amount of civilization following them can erase their hideous memory from the more sensitive minds of the present time. Public laudation of such men is much shorter-lived and more shallow likewise than it was a few decades ago. An increasing number of men and women everywhere feel that it is a deep shame that such things can any longer exist. It is hinted that in England a good deal of the rejoicing over Kitchener's return was because he had been successful in securing peace rather than because he had carried English arms to success in a campaign of great brutality. It is well known that large numbers of Englishmen were glad to be rid of the sickening and dishonorable business.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the noisy public demonstration in honor of Kitchener, there is no doubt that the days of this type of hero are fast passing by. It is growing increasingly difficult for intelligent men and women to see anything glorious or even tolerable in the bloody triumphs of war.